THE New Republic

They're Playing Hide-and-Seek In Washington

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MAR 21 1957
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The first US newsman to report from the Chinese mainland since 1949 tells

What a Reporter Can Learn Inside Communist China

By WILLIAM WORTHY

Oh, the Younger Generation!

By HELEN HILL MILLER

The Family That Prays Together Weighs Together

BY AN OVERWEIGHT CRITIC

MARCH 25, 1957

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Washington Wire

Never Trouble Trouble

ALMOST every move this Administration has taken in the Middle East strikes this column as bad. Other papers support Eisenhower and can't speak their minds, but that does not affect us. For a couple of years the Middle East situation cried for imaginative, long-term ideas; the Administration appeared to have none; its only big objective was to avoid trouble. It just kept repeating that things were Okay.

Because the US had no objective it lost the initiative. It was made to appear that Eisenhower won a great diplomatic victory with the Russians at Geneva, although he failed even to bring up the fact that they had started supplying arms to Nasser. Ultimately Dulles lost contact with our allies, France and Britain. They lost faith in him when a long series of stalling tactics finally culminated in the preposterous "Suez Canal Users Association." Eisenhower and Dulles kept telling the drugged nation that everything was Okay—things peaceful and relations with our allies never closer. But those statements were wrong.

Britain and France started on their disastrous intervention. This was a mistake but, under the circumstances, at least understandable. Eisenhower reacted in characteristic terms of moralistic naïveté. His target was our allies, France and Britain (he got the enthusiastic support of Russia) and his medium the United Nations, whose role he misinterpreted as that of a democratic legislative assembly. In effect he shifted America's responsibility for creating a constructive program to the UN which is incapable of doing it.

Always Unctuous

EISENHOWER did this in what still strikes us as one of the most remarkable series of speeches in our history. With a high moral fervor he said, October 31, that you can't have one law for your friends and another for your opponents. Then on February 21 with undiminished moral fervor he said we must hold Israel to strict accountability under international law because it believes in God, while we needn't for Russia (in Hungary) because it is large and atheistic. As the *New Yorker* dryly observed, March 9, "obviously the thing to be, if you're going to be a nation, is large and atheistic."

In all this the same pattern emerges. The US is always unctuous, always sanctimonious, always moralistically naïve and generally wrong. Simultaneous with this there is another pattern: the awed press uncritically accepts the President's pious pronouncements, however inconsistent. So now, here we are again. Russia is solidly established in the Middle East. We have slapped down our allies, resurrected Nasser from his military debacle and given Israel a sense of betrayal. We ourselves have taken on a spectacular new set of international obligations but appear to be as lacking as ever in long-range plans. Since the amiable President is not feeling well, it is considered the height of bad taste to blame him for what has happened. Instead the relaxed Chief Executive moves slowly through the balmy Gulf Stream, hitting golf balls into a net hung from the rigging of the guided-missile cruiser, *US Canberra*, taking him to what will undoubtedly be an unparallelled love feast and new diplomatic triumph with the British prime minister at Bermuda. (The President moralistically dispensed with the Presidential yacht, *USS Williamsburg*, on taking office as "a symbol of needless luxury.")

The Budget Stampede

THE United States budget of $71.8 billion is not too big. It is being made to appear too big because the same conservative forces that made Eisenhower the vehicle for their re-election are now turning on the Eisenhower budget—and in a sense the President, too—to cash in on their victory. The people who are leading the fight against the budget are the Old Guard—Bridges, Taber, Byrd, Knowland and the like. They are generalled, amusingly enough, by a member of the President's own Cabinet. Treasury Secretary Humphrey, and the organization work to get the great "spontaneous" public protest is being run by the US Chamber of Commerce, the NAM and similar enlightened groups. The Democratic leadership in Congress, which is always complaining off-the-record that Eisenhower has stolen its program, is falling into the trap and is going along on slashing programs which any opposition party, trying to be liberal and trying to be elected, would support. This would be a fine time for the newly created National Democratic Advisory Council of which Stevenson and Truman are members to step in and stop the Great Stampede.

Is the budget too big? The level-headed experts of the McGraw-Hill publications come up with comparative statistics showing it is not. The budget is the biggest in peacetime history, it is true, but so is population, so is per capita income, so is the gross national product. In relation to these things the budget is just about normal for a time of cold war. It is true that the projected surplus is small for a boom year; here Eisenhower is guilty of bad economics. This condition could be remedied in a number of ways; for example, tax income could be increased simply by cutting in half the present 27.5 percent tax depletion allowance for the giant oil companies, or by plugging other similar corporate loopholes.

And a Little Child . . .

WHAT is being done is to use the economy slogan to attack all liberal domestic proposals and the politically exposed foreign aid program. Housing Administrator Cole, for example, who always opposed public housing while in Congress (and who was accordingly put in charge of public housing by Eisenhower), runs to meet the emergency, proposing to slash $100 million off slum-clearance and Federal housing aid. The US Chamber of Commerce is out to save us by knocking $100 million off the school lunch program—a touching conception! Think of the patriotic contribution each little child can make by giving up his milk. The angry businessmen are also going after the whole, long-delayed, Eisenhower school aid program, seem likely to bag it. Nobody proposes postponing the gigantic roads program. Roads before schools, any day!

T.R.B.

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The New Republic

A JOURNAL OF OPINION

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Captain, My Captain

"THE Democratic Party," columnist Stewart Alsop advises, " has lost its soul." It had never occurred to us that either party had a soul to lose. Soul-searching is not what is occupying the minds of men like Sen. John Kennedy, but poll-searching. The search is for votes, not immortality.

What one senses in Washington at this moment, however, is something more ominous than merely Democratic forebodings about 1960. It is the loss throughout government of a sense of direction. Fluctuating coalitions form, dissolve and re-form as private interests momentarily coincide. Politics becomes a game of hide-and-seek, many hiding, few seeking. On matters as momentous as the welfare of the Republic and the peace of the world the Executive is evasive, the Congress is at sixes and sevens, parties are divided, the country is confused. There is a backing away from commitment in almost every major area: disarmament, the character and extent of our foreign economic role, relations with China, the Middle East, aid to Poland, mounting farm surpluses, education, credit policy, assistance to the ill and aged.

In these circumstances, it is idle for Senator Kennedy or anyone else to ask that order be restored by an assertion of Democratic Congressional leadership; for although the Democratic Party commands a nominal majority in the Congress, it is not a single entity with a single will. Nor is the Republican Party. What unites most elected representatives of both parties today is the desire of each person for re-election. And even if there were broad party agreement, only once in our history has Congressional leadership by itself produced a consistent and vigorous policy, and that was thoroughly bad—the Reconstruction policy of 1867.

Under our system of government, Congress cannot—even if the will were present—substitute for Presidential direction. Only the President can compensate for the absence of perspective and balance elsewhere. But it is hardly news that Mr. Eisenhower prefers not to assert his authority. Invite Tito to the White House? Not if some Congressmen object. Ask Congress to revise the Battle Act if it stands in the way of our strengthening Polish independence? Well, we'll see. Admit that our know-nothing policy toward Communist China has led us to a dead-end? On the contrary, promptly repudiate a White House assistant who publicly says what every sensible official privately thinks.

True, Mr. Eisenhower is not a well man. But that is neither an explanation nor an excuse. We have every sympathy with him as an individual. But the state of his health is, after all, something we and he knew about before the announcement of his candidacy. He was not obliged to run for the Presidency; he now is obliged to *be* the President.

But obligations of this kind cannot, unfortunately, be enforced. Mr.

Correspondence

► *Morals and Motives*

SIRS:

MR. HOWE'S critique of *The Fall* by Camus (*NR*, March 11) was scholarly and closely reasoned, but I differ with his conclusions about the central moral issue of this philosophical novel.

Mr. Howe reflected upon the Jewish tradition of good deeds, and considered that this met Camus' demand for the care of others. Without slighting this tradition, which can be developed to the highest degree in the individual, I believe that Camus was asking for something beyond the good deed. He was seeking the good motivation, that of compassion. The reason he makes such a heavy moral demand is, in my opinion, that good deeds may wait the convenience of the good doer, whereas compassion must spring from and nurture the moment. It does not await one's

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Eisenhower will continue to defer, delay, decline. And the negativism this represents is contagious; the cry resounds throughout Congress: Let us NOT do things! Cut spending! Cut taxes! How far our national retreat from responsibility will go is anyone's guess.

Two Opinions

TWO PRESIDENTIAL boards, both assigned by Mr. Eisenhower to study foreign aid, have come up with essentially opposite conclusions, and the views of each have been blessed publicly by the President's office.

Benjamin Fairless, the retired board chairman of US Steel, headed the 7-man Citizen's Advisory Group which recommended on March 6 that our government continue to give overwhelming emphasis to military assistance in its aid program; that a halt should be called to "soft loans" (those repayable in local currency); that aid go chiefly to military allies (*i.e.*, slash or cut out aid to India, Burma, Indonesia, and all Arab countries except Iraq), and grants should be eliminated as far as possible (hence, the more underdeveloped, the less aid).

Two days later the International Development Advisory Board, under Eric Johnston of the Motion Picture Producers Association, proposed a long-range, sizable program of development for underdeveloped countries, aid being given without regard to alliances; it also favored soft loans in place of grants. While avoiding any general criticism of the military aid program, the Johnston report makes this point: "In many instances today a dollar invested for economic development assistance abroad will produce a more permanent security for our nation than a dollar spent on military assistance."

Behind these two reports are two basically different assessments. The Fairless report implies the free world is threatened chiefly by military aggression, and that what we must therefore do is strengthen our alliances with arms and air bases. The Johnston report assumes that military preparedness is an insufficient shield; that the Soviets are penetrating vast areas in Asia and Africa by means of diplomacy, subversion and economic lures; that a realistic American response must include greater investment in economic and social development in Asia and Africa; and that the federal government must undertake a larger role in this field.

This battle of White House reports is the outcome of some pre-election strategy last year. When the President decided last July that a public commission would reappraise our aid program, there was at first a plan to rely on Eric Johnston and the Development Board, which had been established by act of Congress in 1950, and whose present members were all appointed by President Eisenhower. But Presidential Assistant Sherman Adams argued that the Administration could better attract votes and money if it appointed a new group of businessmen, not previously committed on foreign aid, to prepare the report.

That was the origin of the Fairless group which also included chemical manufacturer Richard Deupree, California banker Jesse Tappe, and labor leader John L. Lewis. The chief rebel turned out to be Whitelaw Reid of the *New York Herald Tribune,* whose views approximated those in the Johnston report and who received substantial support from General W. Bedell Smith.

Once more, it's up to the White House to say what it wants and make its decision stick. Some time in April the President is scheduled to send Congress his detailed Mutual Security Program for 1958. He informed Congress in his budget message that the total cost will be $4.4 billion, and at his most recent press conference the President said, "I don't think you can take substantial cuts there." But to say is not to sell. Furthermore, we have no clue to date as to whether the President's program will reflect the military emphasis of the Fairless report or greater attention to economic development in Asia and Africa. Nor do we know on what basis economic aid funds would be allocated. (In 1956, about 42 percent of the $1,196,500 expended went to South Korea, South Vietnam and Formosa.)

SHORT of a major political disaster in Asia or Africa, President Eisenhower is not likely to support anything approaching an adequate program for development, and the Congress will certainly vote less than the President requests. (Last year Eisenhower asked $4.7 billion, received $3.8 billion.)

While initiative effectively rests with the President, it is true that White House advisers have proven remarkably responsive to outside proposals which showed signs of winning wide public support. Opinion polls indicate that such latent support exists now for the party or leaders who present an affirmative plan for economic development in Asia and Africa, modest in its financial claims, but looking to more positive US leadership.

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How Much Radiation?

ON March 11 the World Health Organization at Geneva released a report of 20 world-renowned scientists who concluded that curtailment of man-made radioactivity is urgently needed to assure the "health and orderly development of future generations." The group asserted: "A small amount of radiation received by each of a large number of individuals can do an appreciable amount of damage to the population as a whole."

On March 12 at Philadelphia, Dr. Lauriston S. Taylor of the US Bureau of Standards, chairman of the National Committee on Radiation Protection, said that radiation from atomic weapons testing "could be built up to substantially higher levels" without adverse effects.

Query: Is the Eisenhower Administration establishing its radiation standards for the world population to fit an expedient American military decision on weapons tests?

Political Contributions

CONGRESS has made it a crime "for any corporation whatever, or any labor organization to make a contribution or expenditure in connection with any election" for federal office. In 1954, UAW-CIO paid with general union funds (as opposed to special political collections) for TV programs on a Detroit commercial channel supporting particular candidates in Michigan for the Senate and House. For this it was indicted under the Corrupt Practices Act.

The trial judge dismissed the indictment on the ground that the payments were not "expenditures or contributions in connection with an election," as those words were used in the statute. Thereupon, the government appealed directly to the Supreme Court and last week that body ruled that the UAW's actions were exactly what Congress did mean by expenditures or contributions.

The Court refused, however, to determine whether the statute, thus construed, violated constitutional rights of free speech. Instead, they sent the case back to the lower court for full trial, after which, if the union is convicted, the constitutional questions may again be raised. In so doing the majority on the Court invoked the time-worn but not always honored principle that the decision of constitutional issues should be avoided if legitimately possible, and in any event should only be decided after a full development of relevant facts at a trial, rather than on a bare indictment.

Three dissenters, the Chief Justice, Justice Black and Justice Douglas, in a bitter opinion by the latter, took the view that no additional facts were going to make any difference and that the statute should be held unconstitutional here and now. They overlooked, apparently, the possibility that UAW might be acquitted at the trial, in which case no constitutional determination would be necessary, at least in this case

The Fear of Truth

THE ADMINISTRATION must find a way to permit US reporters to go to China "without seeming to let down the barriers generally and to permit of what the Chinese Communists call 'cultural exchange'." So says Mr. Dulles. What he fears is not only, as we suggested last week, the clamor sure to come from missionaries and businessmen in the wake of newsmen, but the impact of any relaxation of the travel ban on non-Communist Asian countries along the periphery of China.

Communist China is "particularly pressing" cultural exchange, says Dulles,

> on countries which are neighbors, the free countries, and where such relationship could not, I think, be reestablished without danger to those countries. And one of our problems is not to set an example which would be bearable by us but which, if it was extended generally, would have perhaps dangerous repercussions in other areas.

It is Mr. Dulles' mission, in short, to shield those gullible Japanese from temptation—and, in the process, to concede that we fear the truth. But what reason is there to believe that increased exchanges between Peking and its neighbors would inevitably work to the Chinese advantage? On the contrary, if China's "cultural exchanges" are grist for Communist propaganda in Asia, it is precisely because news from China is so scarce that returning pilgrims are free to broadcast impressions without having to stand the test of comparison. The aura of mystery which surrounds China lends a distorted sensationalism to encomiums for Peking which would otherwise be more easily recognized as the amenities of a departed guest.

Hoffa and Disunity

JIMMY HOFFA'S in trouble, and a few tears will be shed in the AFL-CIO. For Hoffa has been the man responsible for the bitterest jurisdictional impasse since merger, the dispute between the building trades and industrial unions over construction and maintenance jobs in industrial plants. The clash involves the old craft-versus-industrial union argument which was left unsettled by merger, and it could conceivably become sharp enough, therefore, to vitiate the unity and strength of the entire labor movement.

What is immediately at stake are jobs that might open up, for example, when an extension to an existing plant is built. Should the plant use the maintenance men and

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construction workers on its own payroll who would, according to the industrial union principle, be members of David McDonald's Steelworkers or Walter Reuther's Auto Workers—or instead bring in outside contractors whose workers belong to building trades unions? McDonald and Reuther, not surprisingly, refuse to permit any change in the status quo, which favors their men, and a special committee appointed to mediate the controversy gave up in despair on March 11.

Hoffa's Teamsters have no direct stake in the disputed jobs, but Hoffa himself may stand to gain a great deal from egging on the building trades, whose daily activities are to some extent dependent on the Teamsters. Jimmy Hoffa is, or was, an important fellow as a Teamster, but what if he could rally old AFL allies and lead them in a walk-out from the AFL-CIO?

By-passing Suez—I

NO MATTER what peaceful accommodations Egypt may now accept for the Gaza Strip and the Gulf of Aqaba, Colonel Nasser has taught Western Europe one lesson: Never again to rely wholly on the Suez Canal for fuel.

Before Colonel Nasser seized the canal company last July 26, Europe was consuming about 2.5 million barrels of oil a day, of which approximately half came from the Middle East by tanker through Suez, another quarter from the Middle East by pipeline across Syria to the Mediterranean, and a quarter from other areas, chiefly North America. Thus two Arab Governments—Egypt and Syria—controlled the flow of 75 percent of the fuel that lighted the cities, heated the homes and powered the industries of Europe. Most planning officials agree that Europe's economic freedom demands that something over half this flow of oil should be able to move by routes other than those crossing Egypt or Syria.

The search for alternatives to the Egyptian waterway had begun even before British and French forces moved out of Port Said. The earliest, requiring about five years, is the completion of new pipelines and tankers which can by-pass Egypt with perhaps half of Europe's oil needs. A second way, requiring perhaps 10 years, is the tapping of spectacular new oil discoveries in the Sahara, which some French geologists claim will equal the Middle East oil pools. A third and long-range alternative, possibly requiring 20 years, is the replacement of petroleum by atomic energy for at least half of Western European power generation.

But European statesmen have been cautious in discussing plans to by-pass the Suez because nearly all the oil concessions of the Middle East are still at the mercy of Arab nationalism, and even if alternate oil routes prove possible, the Suez Canal will remain a vital channel for "dry cargo"—that is, raw materials like tin and rubber moving from Southeast Asia to the industrial West, and returning cargoes of steel and machinery for the great development schemes of Pakistan, India, Burma and Ceylon. For example, a New York-to-India ship will travel 11,500 miles around Africa but only 8,000 miles by way of the Canal. No competitive route is in prospect.

Five new pipelines have been proposed, but all raise serious problems, either technical or political. Israel is now completing construction of an 8-inch line from the Gulf of Aqaba to Beersheeba, and eventually to the Mediterranean, but this will carry only half the oil Israel needs for herself. The French have offered to finance a 30-inch, $60 million pipeline over the same route. This could carry enough oil to meet the complete needs of one country like France or a fifth of Europe's needs, but no Arab country is presently willing to sell oil for transport across Israel, and Iran—which is willing—does not have enough oil available to keep such a pipeline operating.

Another proposal for this same area, championed by the *London Economist,* is the creation of an international zone across the neck of Sinai, in Egyptian territory, over which the UN might operate both pipelines and express highways from the Gulf of Aqaba to the Mediterranean.

Iraqi Petroleum Company, a British, French and American owned concession, has recently surveyed three new pipeline paths from Iraq across Turkey to the Mediterranean. One 500 miles long, costing $250 million, would carry a fifth of Europe's oil needs to the Turkish port of Iskenderon. Two other pipes, running 1,000 miles from the Basra fields to the same Turkish port, would cost $800 million, and carry half of Europe's present needs. But the Iraqi Government, which must give its consent, has so far frowned on these projects because they would worsen her already strained relations with neighboring Syria.

A BRITISH proposal for a pipeline from the east African port of Mombasa, Kenya, to a West African port in Angola must have been a product of Suez fever, for the route is more than 2,000 miles long, crosses a mountain range 4,500 feet high, and poses all the problems of future nationalist dissension that now afflict the Mideast.

One new pipeline which appears a reasonable certainty is a 30-inch tube across Egyptian territory, parallel to the Canal, which the Greek shipping magnate Aristotle Onassis has offered to build within 10 months at a cost of $40 million. This would offer Europe no political independence from Egypt, but would have the virtue of supplying the new mammoth oil tankers now under construction, able to carry up to 100,000 tons of oil across the Mediterranean in one trip (34,000 tons is the present Canal limit.)

The new super-tankers appear to be the chief short-range answer to Europe's oil security. A tanker of 60,000 ton capacity can bring oil around Africa for about the same price per barrel smaller tankers can deliver it

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through the Canal. So long as pipelines across Syria or Egypt are open, these ships can ply the Mediterranean run; if Mideast trouble comes, they can circle Africa.

New tankers worth $5 billion are now under construction or on order, including an estimated 40 super-tankers. All will be delivered by 1962. With these in operation five years hence, Europe's present vulnerability to Arab caprice and Russian intrigue should be reduced to a manageable risk.

Europe's energy needs are expected to double by 1975. It is to make possible this growth that Saharan oil and atomic power are expected to be crucial. These additional ways of by-passing Suez will be examined in the next two issues of *The New Republic*.

Dr. Schweitzer, I Presume...

IT IS a great pity that motor difficulties prevented Vice President Nixon from making his intended side trip to visit Albert Schweitzer at the Lambaréné Hospital in French Equatorial Africa. What a confrontation that would have been!

Scene: Dr. Schweitzer's study at the Lambaréné Hospital. He and Mr. Nixon have just come into the room. They are alone.

SCHWEITZER: This is the last stop on our tour. Won't you sit down?

NIXON: I certainly will, Dr. Schweitzer. There's nothing I enjoy more than a long talk with a really great man. I say that in all sincerity (*glancing at his watch*). To me, the most inspiring thing about this trip is the great men I meet. After I finish Africa I'm hopping up to Rome to visit the Pope. You know the Pope?

SCHWEITZER: No, Mr. Nixon.

NIXON: Is that a fact? You'd like him.

(*Dr. Schweitzer makes no reply*)

NIXON (*stretching out comfortably in his chair*): Well, well, well. Imagine your not knowing the Pope.

(*another silence falls*)

NIXON (*glancing around the room*): By golly, doctor, I envy you! Out in the midst of nature, far from the hustle and bustle; that's really the life for a man, isn't it? For two cents I'd become a missionary myself. I really mean that (*with great earnestness*). And I don't mind telling you, sir, the story of your career has always been a great inspiration to me. I say that in complete sincerity. Devoting your life to your fellow man out here in the jungle, miles away from civilization. Basically, it's the most inspiring story I've ever heard.

SCHWEITZER: That's kind of you, Mr. Nixon.

NIXON: Not at all. You've had a wonderful press in America, doctor (*hitching his chair a little closer*). May I ask how you manage it?

SCHWEITZER: I'm not sure I understand.

NIXON (*edging still closer*): Man to man, doctor, according to public opinion polls, more Americans admire you than any other man in the world. Because of your saintly character (*tapping Schweitzer's knee*). There has to be a reason.

(*Dr. Schweitzer shakes his head in a puzzled manner*)

NIXON: Well, then, let me put it this way (*pauses to select his words*). How would you advise a young man to go about becoming a famous symbol of goodness? (*poises a pencil over the back of an envelope*)

SCHWEITZER: But fame has nothing to do with goodness, Mr. Nixon. Surely those who pursue virtue simply for the sake of reputation, without even a pretense of sincerity, will never achieve their goal.

NIXON (*writing*): " . . . pretense of sincerity very important." How true that is. Anything else? (*He shifts uncomfortably. For the past several minutes, a large black beetle has been skirmishing about his legs and nipping at his ankles.*)

SCHWEITZER: Only that virtue is a private matter. Ethics has nothing to do with advertising.

NIXON (*writing*): " . . . advertising has nothing to do with ethics." (*The beetle nips him once again, and the Vice President responds by stamping on it.*)

SCHWEITZER (*gently*): At Lambaréné, Mr. Nixon, we believe that life is sacred, even in the least of God's creatures.

NIXON: I couldn't agree with you more, sir. It certainly is sacred all right. Incidentally, Dr. Schweitzer, maybe I shouldn't mention this, but you seem to have an awful lot of bugs around here. How would it be if I sent you some DDT? I mean, I'd like to contribute something to your work. (*Glances at his watch.*)

SCHWEITZER: That won't be necessary, Mr. Nixon, but we appreciate your thoughtfulness.

NIXON: Well, Dr. Schweitzer (*rising to go*) I hate to rush off, but I have a pretty crowded schedule and it doesn't give me much time to talk to all the interesting people I meet. This has certainly been a rewarding and inspiring conversation, and I'll be sure to remember your advice.

SCHWEITZER: Goodbye, Mr. Nixon.

NIXON: If you change your mind about that DDT, don't hesitate to let me know.

SCHWEITZER: Goodbye, Mr. Nixon.

DONALD MALCOLM

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The Free World: For Example, Iran

by RICHARD DUDMAN

WHENEVER President Eisenhower or Secretary of State Dulles talks about the encroachment of "atheistic Communism" in the Middle East, he contributes to the popular myth that there is an ideological struggle going on in the area. As a matter of fact, neither Russia nor the US is exporting a philosophy in the struggle for economic, political and military influence in the Middle East.

Arab apologists for the "positive neutralism" of Egypt, Syria and Jordan sometimes take a cue from American preoccupation with the godlessness of Communism. "We are Moslems above all," they say. "How could we ever align ourselves with an atheistic philosophy?"

But the Soviet Union, busy exporting arms, commodities, capital investment and technicians, is avoiding any exportation of atheism or even Marxism to the Moslem countries. On the contrary, the short-lived weekly Communist party-line newspaper in Jordan, *Al Jamahir (The Masses)*, carried a feature article headed: "Moslems in Popular China enjoy the fruits of popular rule; education has prospered, Moslem religious freedom is guaranteed, and an Islamic Institution is opened in Peking."

As for Marxism, the pro-Soviet officials who have gained key positions in Egypt, Syria and Jordan talk far more about Arab nationalism and their hatred of Israel than they do about any emergence of a ruling proletariat. Moscow appears willing to go far more than halfway in making friends with the Arabs, concentrating its propaganda on the popular and unifying Arab themes of anti-colonialism and anti-Zionism.

American strategists, likewise, are selling anything but philosophy. They are quite complacent about the fact that both Iran and Iraq, two of the West's strongest friends in the Middle East, have imposed martial law for years, prohibit political parties, rig elections, suppress newspapers that oppose the current regimes, break up political meetings and keep opposition leaders locked up in jail or under house arrest. In short, both are police states.

Here in Iran, the Shah is said to have personally named each delegate in the current Majlis (parliament), although there was the formality of an election. Laws providing for poll watchers and the checking of ballots are violated chronically, and groups of government employees and factory workers, many of them illiterate, could be seen dropping prepared ballots into the ballot boxes. A harsh press law permits criticism of the government only within narrow limits. Newspapers overstepping the bounds are suppressed for periods of a day or two up to several weeks.

This situation leads some critics to complain that the US is using foreign aid to bolster undemocratic regimes. A newspaper editor told me:

> President Eisenhower asks us to side with the United States because Russia is a police state and allows no freedom. But the United States is supporting the Shah's government here in Iraq, and it is a police state and allows no freedom. What is the difference?

In rebuttal, defenders of American policy argue that although the Shah's government may not be democratic, it is stable, and that relaxation of absolute rule would lead to chaos. "If the street mobs and the intellectuals ever got together, I'd give this government a week at the most," one diplomatic observer told me.

Many intellectuals in Teheran still support former Premier Mohammed Mossadegh, who led the disastrous effort to nationalize the Iranian oil industry in 1951 and was recently released from prison. And the mob requires only a little incitement to begin turning over Cadillacs and burning the homes of the rich.

As for the Iranian press, it has been called the most irresponsible in the world. Blackmail is said to be commonplace. For example, I was told that when Israel invaded the Sinai peninsula last fall, three different newspapers printed articles attacking Iranian Jews as tools of British imperialism. Each of these newspapers then reportedly sent a representative to leading Jewish merchants, extorted payments of several thousand dollars apiece from them, and then published a new article praising Iranian Jews as patriotic citizens.

A discussion with a group of Teheran newspaper reporters tended to confirm these reports about the Iranian press. They readily admitted that they often accepted payment for printing articles favorable to persons with whom they had made standing arrangements. They compared notes as to rates; the usual fee was $10 or $15 per item.

"Does it ever happen that you take money for keeping a story out of the paper?" they were asked.

"Certainly," one of the reporters replied; side earnings of this sort were necessary to make ends met.

RICHARD DUDMAN, *a reporter for the* St. Louis Post-Dispatch, *has just returned from a seven-week tour of six Middle Eastern countries.*

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Reporting in Communist China

by WILLIAM WORTHY

WHEN THE COMMUNISTS took power in China seven years ago, Western newsmen were promptly expelled and only reporters of countries extending diplomatic recognition to Peking were permitted to visit the mainland. Then last summer Peking invited leading US Far Eastern correspondents to China, setting off a controversy between the State Department and the American press. Most US publications have bowed to Secretary Dulles' travel ban, but *Look* magazine and William Worthy's *Afro-American* newspapers decided last December to brave official wrath. Reporter Worthy got there before *Look's* Edmund Stevens and Philip Harrington, thereby becoming the first US newsman to report and broadcast from China since 1949.

Now a Nieman Fellow at Harvard, Worthy has free-lanced for CBS on his China tour and on previous foreign assignments. We invited him to discuss the problems which face an American reporter attempting to cover Communist China today. For as Harold Isaacs wrote in a recent issue of *The New Republic*, even when US newsmen can go freely to the mainland it will require expert and balanced reporting indeed to "recognize the impressiveness of the totalitarian achievement while breaking through to the human realities behind the totalitarian facade."

MY FIRST surprise came late on Christmas afternoon —my first day in Peking, my second day in China. An hour ahead of schedule (the only time *that* ever happened), after a nine-hour, 1,200-mile flight from Canton, my Soviet Iluyshin C-4 plane set down at one of Peking's two airports at 3:15 p.m. The Chinese Intourist interpreters the afternoon before at the Hong Kong-Schumchon border point, and also overnight at Canton, seemed quite delighted to welcome an American correspondent for the first time since 1949. For all I knew a brass band or a delegation of Chinese journalists would stage an effusive welcome for my arrival in the capital. But the only delegation of waiting Chinese was there to greet not me but a fellow-passenger, the mayor of Bombay. A bareheaded, 22-year-old Intourist representative, Yen Shao Hua, stepped up and asked my name. From that moment on in China the treatment afforded me was formal, correct and pleasant, but not at all saccharine. No effort was ever made to "buy" favorable coverage through extravagant and smothering hospitality.

It was only 2:15 a.m. in New York, and though a day behind in my original itinerary, I still had hopes of getting through a Christmas Day broadcast from the Chinese capital, to tie in with the traditional pick-ups from Rome, Jerusalem and other distant points. At my request Mr. Yen telephoned from the airport to the Information Department of the Foreign Ministry to seek the earliest possible appointment. The reply was that I could come immediately. This took me by surprise because I was subconsciously prepared to find the Information Department just as dull-witted, unimaginative, uncooperative and obstructionist as the Soviet Press Department had been in 1955 during my five nerve-fraying months in the USSR.

As it happened, it took four days to arrange the first broadcast, beamed to San Francisco. I had every indication, however, that the day and hour had nothing to do with Foreign Office policy, or slowness in reaching a policy, but rather that it took that long for the engineers to find a brief interlude when one of Radio Peking's overworked shortwave transmitters was free.

At my original Information Department session with Swarthmore-trained Chen Hui and Sse Yun of the liaison section for foreign journalists, I handed in the standard requests to visit factories, schools, hospitals and courts; but I tried to hammer home one point that I feared might be lost in the shuffle of a busy month: namely, that I wanted no other appointments or interviews to interfere with or minimize the importance of my requests to interview the American prisoners, or Mao Tse-tung and Chou En-lai, or to visit the coastal areas of Fukien Province opposite Taiwan, Quemoy and Matsu.

I also told Chen Hui (and later his boss Madame Kung Peng) that in the event of any US-angled news or official announcements — especially concerning the American prisoners — I would appreciate enough warning to be able to shoot my China dateline cable to New

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York before all and sundry news agencies in Hong Kong monitored Radio Peking. The Information Department received this request in a co-operative spirit. But despite a constant state of alert no such spot news ever broke during my stay, and non-Chinese observers in Peking suggest that the Information Department (unlike its Soviet counterpart) swings comparatively little weight in government and party circles and that, despite the jurisdiction implied by its name, it might have proved unable to deliver in a concrete situation. Occasionally a Western correspondent in China does get an advance tip on an unfolding story not yet officially released. Although individual acts of uncalculating friendship are not unknown in Communist regimes, the reflex tendency on such occasions is to suspect quite impersonal and not at all unofficial motives behind any tip.

EXPEDITIOUSLY and with a minimum of fuss, appointments were arranged for me to visit more than time permitted. It took only a day or two for the requisite travel permit to be issued when I asked to journey to what is now called the Northeast (formerly Manchuria). It is in the Northeast that China's industries and mines are concentrated, and the regime is only too happy to show this area to persons from abroad. But I had to rule the trip out—partly because of the sudden opportunity to get inside the Shanghai Jail, partly because of the unreliability of plane transportation during China's winter months. Experienced travelers who "have to get there" often choose the wearisome three-day train ride between Peking and Canton, for example, because planes sometimes are grounded for four or five days at a stretch under the country's high minimum flying conditions. En route to interview prisoner Paul Mackensen in the Shanghai Jail I killed two whole days, from pre-dawn Monday morning to Tuesday midnight, on what is listed as a six-hour flight from Peking, and for the last lap of the trip out of Nanking I had to change to a train that I might as well have boarded the previous night in Peking.

When the Chinese are not going to honor a request they borrow a leaf out of the Russian book and say absolutely nothing. They never turn you down. Queries bring only the response that "it is still under consideration." Throughout his year in China the Reuters correspondent, David Chipp, has as a matter of course maintained a standing request to see the American prisoners. But no action was taken on it, not even in mid-January when, in separate interviews 24 hours apart, Edmund Stevens of *Look* magazine and I were allowed to see Reverend Mackensen and when Philip Harrington, *Look's* photographer, simultaneously was granted a half-hour with one of the other nine prisoners. The explanation is very simple. What was involved was not the conventional press interview as such. A decision was obviously made on a high level to "reward," with bonuses as it were, the three newsmen who had defied the State Department ban on travel to mainland China and consternated Mr. Dulles. Across the dinner table in our hotel we three Americans used to dream of even bigger slices of bacon to take home—of sessions with Chairman Mao, even the actual release of some of the prisoners "on good behavior," as Chou En-lai on tour in India had hinted might happen. But after we visited the jail and after we saw the Premier it became obvious we had had it, and we dropped back to par with David Chipp, the Britisher.

Before listing eight major requests to which I never received answers it is only fair to note that action on some of them would conceivably have been forthcoming if I had been able to spend as little as one more month in the country. Some delays were inevitable, governments being governments and pencil-pushers being pencil-pushers. As already mentioned, the Information Department shows no signs of having interdepartmental authority to dictate to other agencies. The sequence of inaction is the same as the sequence in which I hopefully filed the requests:

No interview with chief-of-state Mao Tse-tung.

No visit to Fukien Province. Chou En-lai reminded me it is a military area when I raised the question with him.

No coverage of a trade union meeting.

No chat with Madame Sun Yat-sen (Madame Chiang's sister). In Shanghai where she spends the winters the Bureau of Foreign Affairs informed me that her doctors had prescribed a complete rest.

No New Year's Day message from Mao to the American people.

Nary a visit into any Chinese home.

No meetings with Chinese journalists.

No opportunity provided to tape-record a question-and-answer session with three or four English-speaking intellectuals (preferably Western-trained, I stipulated), discussing Sino-US relations and Chinese attitudes toward the United States.

And, of course, it should be added that I asked to see all 10 of the prisoners but was allowed 30 minutes with only one, and a brainwashed one at that. The prison interviews granted to Stevens, Harrington and to me served at least one purpose: we established that besides Reverend Mackensen and Father Fulgence Gross at least five of the other Americans are behind the bars of the Shanghai Jail. Until then, for more than a year, even the British Embassy, which looks after American interests in China, could only guess at the men's whereabouts.

Elsewhere in China I came across a Chinese churchman who (presumably through the grapevine that functions in all dictatorships) was up-to-date and, I later

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found, accurately informed about one of the jailed missionaries whom he formerly knew. Difficult as it would be, I have no doubt that if a corps of competent and not easily discouraged American correspondents were to be stationed in China they would be able to track down bits and pieces of the long and involved stories of these unfortunate political hostages. Because for policy reasons or perhaps merely in response to bureaucratic instinct we have classified nearly all of the material on the prisoners—and also because of our generally strident tone toward everything to do with the Chinese mainland—much of the world is predisposed to believe, and in fact believes, that Washington has all along made far too much of an issue of the prisoners. Thus in China, not in the United States, I learned the devastating fact that of the 30 or 40 Chinese prisoners in American jails whom the Peking government mechanically champions, every last one is in on a murder or narcotic charge. No government is eager to repatriate murderers and dope peddlers. But until the facts are presented to the world, and preferably with a Peking dateline, the Chinese sitting at the Geneva bargaining table with American Ambassador U. Alexis Johnson can conceal their real demands under the camouflage of demanding a humanitarian exchange of prisoners.

Aside from such US-angled spot news stories, however, I am often asked precisely how wide a range of news could be gathered by permanent US correspondents in China. Most news, as of now, would have to be feature and background material. Much of it would be speculative and based on the "feel" of things which, in the present total absence of any Chinese censorship, could readily be communicated. During my six-week stay hardly a day passed without some little story or insight or inkling of a story coming my way.

Hurrying one Sunday morning to tape-record a church service, my interpreter and I listened to five or ten minutes of song and prayer before an usher informed us that we had stumbled into the wrong building. This was a decrepit Salvation Army structure with just a handful of worshippers rather than the well-attended, carefully maintained church around the corner to which visitors are steered.

Inside the Shanghai drugstore I could not help but notice the continuous crowds around the counter which features the birth-control literature and unblushingly sells to men and women the unpackaged, unwrapped contraceptive devices. The literature was also for sale, but the display copies were chained to the counter in the way of our postoffice pens.

Across the street from the drugstore at Wing On department store, I sensed the undiminished admiration for American products when I was shown consumer goods—from "Singers" to "Florsheims" to "Parker 81s"—which retain their private capitalistic names although manufactured now in state-owned factories of the People's Republic of China. The reappearance of beggars during my brief stay appeared to indicate a dwindling fear of the police and of the Draconian laws against the tin cup. More importantly, it fitted in with the recent atmosphere of relaxation and of real though unavowed liberalization.

In assessing the potential of a country so well shielded from the outsider's microscope such footnote items are zealously collected by governments enjoying diplomatic relations with China. The same is true of the American Embassy in Moscow. Choose any morning, afternoon or evening, and in the streets of Peking or Shanghai you will find personnel of the larger embassies strolling along, recording the minutiae of daily life. The visiting correspondent under the whiplash of a limited visa has no choice but to soak in and later try to check a mass of second-hand reports during interviews and dinner parties at the various embassies. But the permanent correspondent could do his own strolling and follow up leads that come his way from diplomats and others.

Needless to add, no reporter in China could plan to rely on official leaks of secret information. Either by learning from the Russians, or by devising their own security techniques, the Chinese have their country now so rigged that only authorized news gets out. The one difference from the Soviet Union (a difference which makes life in Peking less morbid than in Moscow) is that the Chinese, in their greater wisdom and sophistication, have a less comprehensive and more rational definition of state secrets.

Neither for the permanent American correspondents of the years to come nor for future transients with one-month visas is there any guarantee that the liberty to film and tape-record will remain as broad as it was for us three. Communist rules change without notice. But the regime shows no fear of documentary reporting, and, to pick an example, I strongly suspect that a *See It Now* camera crew would not only be admitted to China but would also be given remarkably gracious co-operation. Judging from the hundreds of irrepressible children who always came running from nowhere at the sight of my simple 16 millimeter camera, the biggest practical problem for a large crew with extensive equipment might be the traffic problem, which usually upsets the police. Bureaucratic headaches would in all likelihood be administrative and not political. On the relatively few occasions when, in frustration at delays and obstacles, I wanted to wring the nearest neck, I managed to perceive that I was operating in a country completely severed since 1949 from high-powered, deadline-conscious Americans—and that in some cases I was dealing with inexperienced clerks and administrators who only yesterday were struggling not with competition-harried reporters but with their own individual illiteracy.

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Oh, the Younger Generation

by HELEN HILL MILLER

NO QUESTION about it: In the eyes of the younger generation, I have reached the age where I'm expected to begin my remarks about the young with the word "nowadays," and end them with the observation that the world is going to the dogs. I shall not disappoint the younger generation. In my view, nowadays, the world is going to the dogs, all right. But for the opposite of the traditional reasons. Not because the young are wild and irresponsible, but because too many of them are tied-hand-and-foot, and overly-thoughtful-of-the-morrow. Their basic concern is security, and I am appalled by it.

The husbands in the couples I have in mind are rising young executives. They have well-paid jobs with corporations, sales agencies, insurance companies, foundations, newspapers. In addition to their salaries, they get rides on the gravy train—though lack of seniority may put them in the coach section. They are making good.

But something is missing: where is even the most muted, hi-fi equivalent of whistling while you work? These young men are corporation kennel dogs, and if the world is going to them, there's a dull time ahead.

By night, at a neighborhood showing of *The Great Man*, they exchange nudges and glances indicating a more than coincidental resemblance to their own top brass. (They loved *Executive Suite, The Solid Gold Cadillac, The Man in the Grey Flannel Suit.*) When they break up after a post-movie nightcap, they assure each other that tomorrow is another day and they must be ready to go back to the salt mines. Next morning they will rise, be on time, and do what is expected of them, not so little as to be conspicuous by falling behind the procession, not so much as to be vulnerable as a front-runner. Just enough to be a comfortable, insignificant part of the organization's vital center: conformity by day and cynicism by night.

They can even be amusing about it. One young executive put it graphically: "What we live in is a mink-lined rat-trap."

Well, if so, why do they go on living in it? If I ask (and I do) why not quit if that's the way you feel about it, they are shocked. If such a thought has ever occurred to them they must have quickly dismissed it as a dream, or self-indulgence. Quit? Don't I know they can't be without a job?

Of course I know. But why not step out and find a job that isn't a trap? For more years than any of them has been of working age this country has offered full and indeed overfull employment in practically every field that a young professional or executive is likely to enter. It is not for nothing that the current annual report of the Carnegie Corporation is called "The Great Talent Search." Any one who looks at the cozening columns of professional help want-ads in the Sunday *New York Times* (or any other paper) knows that opportunity, far from knocking only once, knocks until its knuckles are raw—and long before the future job-holder is even ready to answer. From now until commencement-time on every campus seniors with no work experience will be flattered by competitive offers, priced at levels that a few years ago would have signified middle seniority.

Well, they say, they don't want to move. They have just finished fixing up that little house in the suburbs: the children like their school. But won't they be moving anyway? It's standard corporate practice to shift junior officers around from plant to plant, from distribution center to distribution center. One in every five Americans moves every year—one in six to another state. Suppose our young people don't quit. Isn't their company very likely to transfer them? Many a kennel dog is put into a crate and shipped.

I suspect that the sense of frustrated immobility, of luxurious imprisonment, that nowadays makes many young people so negative and futile, that causes corporate kennel dogs to eye corporate fat cats with historic malevolence but do nothing further, has two other causes.

One is the spirit of the times: ours is the era of the lonely crowd, the organization man, and the surfeit of honey. In objecting to this, I probably qualify as a full-blown fuss-budget, for I could do it solely on the grounds that things were different when I was young. But actually, for this part of the difficulties of the younger generation, I have a broad-minded tolerance inconsistent with my years. In human affairs, there is a cycle: a period of experimentation and outreach is followed by a period of consolidation and conservation. In other words, the country will get over its present mood, given a little time. But I want to see freedom of action for the young protected now—so that they will have the capacity to get up and go on the other swing of the cycle. And it looks to me as though two recently expanded institutions are

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HELEN HILL MILLER *says she is descended from a long line of foot-loose bird dogs and the strain seems to be breeding true in the next generation.*

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cting as a brake on that freedom, and will continue to o so unless something is done about them.

One of these institutions is installment buying. Part f our young couples' "mink-lined rat-trap" is home- nade. With the advent of the dream kitchen, the little vomen whose standard complaint used to be that they pent their lives bending over a hot stove have ceased to ›e household slaves. But instead, have whole families ›ecome slaves to the monthly payments on the equipment vhich has freed them from household routine?

In that case their trouble is less that they have sold heir souls than that they have mortgaged their pay- hecks. They could work off their present commitments and not make others. Then, if they quit and took a few months to get settled again, they wouldn't face a prospect of the installment that has to be met, no matter what, come the first of next month. (On the other hand, if they really like equipment better than freedom of action, they could recognize that they will never quit—and quit complaining.)

The other part of their trap is our present system of fringe benefits. This mink lining with which the trap is equipped as a matter of company policy is something about which they as individuals can do little. But it is conceivable that it might be well worth their company's while to do something about it.

Once a young man has been working for a given corporation for a few years, if he thinks about quitting he must think about what he stands to lose, not only in the absent paychecks (which are replaceable) but in the accumulated pension rights and other built-in emoluments attaching him to a particular company. The longer he stays, the more he can't afford not to stay.

Now almost all standard office equipment in this country comes in portable sizes. Is the most needed portable of all a portable model for pension plans, providing rights that go with the man instead of being tied to the job?

Such plans might cost more. But over the past generation company-tied systems have materially contributed to the disappearance of freedom of movement among American corporate executives. This disappearance, strictly in terms of company assets, can be costly. The value of the free market, the free movement and exchange of goods, is an accepted American business value; is there not as much to be said for free movement and exchange of executives? It might pay dividends to most companies to have more of their staffs with them, not because they can't afford to leave, but because they can whistle while they work.

If, because they cannot move, young people stop believing they are going places, the ensuing loss of direction can be bad. A world with only one ladder per person is not only a small world but a dull one. From my point of view, a certain amount of youthful footlooseness is a good thing. But maybe that is just the point of view of an aging lady who did not regard the world as going to the dogs when this was true and she was young.

EDUCATING THE GIFTED CHILD

A Reply to Arthur Bestor by Nolan C. Kearney

ARTHUR BESTOR'S "Educating the Gifted Child" in *The New Republic* of March 4 needs supplementation and a bit of friendly criticism. It begins with some statements that most educators will accept, despite the implication that benighted schoolmen have failed to espouse them. Illustrative are the following quotes: "Children of average or less than average ability are not the only ones who deserve consideration in a democracy. The child of high intellectual capacity has his democratic rights, too." "The right to equal opportunity means, for the child of high intellectual capacity, the right eventually to enter these professions and to compete for world honors in them, unhandicapped by deficiencies of training." "What the brilliant student needs to do is to progress as rapidly as he can from one level of abstraction to a higher level, from one difficult task to another more difficult."

However, in charging that these truisms are disputed or ignored by professional educators, the following phrases and expressions are used: "worship of mediocrity," "fog that envelops current pedagogical thinking," "misty flats where there is little but conjecture to guide us," "school . . . must not slam the doors of educational opportunity shut in his face . . . ," "accept the responsibility honestly," "present temper of those who call themselves professional educationists," "concerned solely with secondary education," "afraid of intellectual brilliance," "sheer myth," "cliché-ridden discussions," and "blithely equates." These are not the scholarly words or objective expressions of the careful student in either the physical or social sciences.

Further, educators as a profession are charged with incompetence and nefarious intent: "They somehow con-

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sider it undemocratic to honor and reward students for outstanding academic achievement. . . . " " . . . this denial of opportunity is being treated by countless professional educationists in this country not as an evil but as a positive good," " . . . it is exceedingly doubtful that programs suitable for gifted children will ever originate with them." These statements, unmodified, are of concern to more than one million professional educators.

A 60-WORD quotation, out of context, mentions 4 million children who deviate sufficiently from various norms to require special educational provisions and who are mentally, emotionally, or physically handicapped or are "extraordinarily gifted." The quotation is simple and statistical, but is presented as indicating that educators regard able students *"simply"* as deviates from the mental and behavioral norm. Actually, the statement goes back to discussion, at the White House Conference of 1930, of various types of special education. The author calls the statement a "peculiar, not to say demented definition" written by an official in the United States Office of Education. Actually, the statement favors special provisions for gifted children, which is precisely what the author advocates later in the article! Many other excellent things about gifted children have been written in the US Office. For example a 44-page pamphlet in 1940 on gifted children discussed gifted pupils in terms of intelligence quotient, future potentiality, special talents, variations in capability, social development and health. It is one of literally thousands of publications on the subject.

Professor Bestor does not mention any of the careful programs in our schools that seek to meet the needs of talented children. There is no problem with which educators are more universally concerned. Havighurst and others in 1955 summarized programs from 63 schools selected from all parts of the United States. Passow and others reported in 1955 on The Talented Youth Project. Their bibliography contains 162 references. The Advanced Training Program under College Board auspices worked with 104 schools and 138 colleges in 1956. Beberman and others in Illinois, concerned with mathematics for engineers, were working with 18 secondary schools in that state in 1956. Connecticut outlines in Bulletin 77 a statewide program for the education of the gifted through special classes, enrichment, acceleration, and special faculty and organization. Long Beach publishes detailed handbooks on gifted students for junior and senior high school teachers. The Colfax Plan in Pittsburgh provides for gifted children in the primary grades. There is an elementary school program at University City, Missouri. In 1953, Modesto, California, outlined in a 100-page booklet its *Instructional Program for Gifted Children.* The Major Work Program for gifted children in the Cleveland schools began more than 30 years ago and has gone forward with increasing success to the present time. In St. Paul, Minnesota, w have had double- and even triple-track plans for a ge eration, and yet we embarked in 1956 on a five-ye program of further experimentation endowed by th Hill Family Foundation. There is no end to the lis Typical current programs combine selection with enrich ment *and* some form of acceleration or advanced credi In many current promotional systems, a 15-year-old chil may actually be accelerated several years and still b classified as a tenth grader.

Professor Bestor's article contains but small referenc to the tremendous amount of available research. Neg lected are the classical studies of giftedness—Galton's *Hereditary Genius* in 1869, Alfred Binet in 1904. Whipple around 1920, Hollingsworth around 1930, and Terman's two-volume *Genetic Studies of Genius* in 1925. No reference is made to a score of current researchers in the field, to articles in the scholarly *Encyclopedia of Educational Research* (1950), or to a variety of other summaries.

The article raises the old bugaboo of European superiority in manners, culture, art, music, letters, (everything but morals) and now in education. The charge that American schools offer the gifted child less than other countries cannot be backed by objective evidence. In Europe children are classified early. Only the upper 10 or 15 percent who plan to go to college even enter the secondary schools. Approximately half of these are eliminated before college. It is extremely doubtful that these children achieve as well there as they would here, despite the fact that selection yields a very competent group to begin with. Tremendous social waste results from class distinctions, lack of guidance, an inflexible curriculum, and admittedly inadequate examinations. Foreign educators recognize the problem and are trying to modify their educational traditions. Even out here in the Midwest, each few weeks brings educators from foreign lands to visit our schools and study with the educators at our great universities. Their constant remark is that we achieve so much with so many!

WHAT should 12 years teach, the article asks? Herbert Spencer, in 1859, asked "What knowledge is of most worth?" and the question has been asked frequently ever since. *Your* answer depends upon the age in which you live, your philosophy or value system, and your vocational and avocational goals. It is ridiculous to suggest, as this article does, that four years of each of two foreign languages and four years of mathematics be required of all American youth, in addition to four years each of English, history, and science. This would preclude any other high school subjects. American parents, laborers, farmers, businessmen, and industrialists would think poorly of any group (even scholars) who sought to deprive them of the business education, home economics, industrial arts, art, music, dramatics, athletics, on-the-job

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aining, safety education, and other life adjustment ourses they fought so hard to get.

Furthermore, it would take a generation to educate ie necessary new teachers. Approximately 4 percent of ll secondary-school pupils now study one or more ears of French and less than 2 percent take one or more ears of German. Suppose now that all 8 million children vere required to take 4 years of both of these (or any ther) languages! More than 600,000 classes, at 6 lasses a day, 5 days a week (a very heavy teaching load) vould require 100,000 additional language teachers and vould increase more than sixfold the present number of rench and German language teachers. We now employ 376,000 teachers in secondary schools (690,000 elemenary)! We need 60,000 new teachers of all kinds now ach year and can't get them. (And the number of college graduates who haven't had pedagogy are a drop in the ucket and can now teach in most places under provisional certificates.) What about the problems of the 100,000 teachers who are to be displaced by the new language teachers? It becomes clear that the proposals under discussion have ramifications!

Now note this charge: "They [the educators] are opposed to using public funds to maintain small classes in the specialized fields . . . that the ablest high-school students alone are likely to need. . . . " We now spend $9 billion annually to educate public-school children aged 5 to 17. The small classes referred to here would probably increase this cost by 22 percent or $2 billion. Unfortunately, the research is not clear that this is the best way to meet the needs of gifted youth, and what would happen when the parents of the children not classified as gifted began to elect new school boards pledged to give *their* children the small classes? Equality of treatment in our curriculum is there because the parents and other citizens want it there (and this is rightly so).

A serious problem, not mentioned, is that half of our gifted high-school graduates fail to go to college, and a considerable additional number drop out of college before graduation for economic reasons. Small schools are a problem, too. Remember, the average high school in America has 200 pupils, and the median size is 91. These facts suggest that the way to conserve human ability is to concentrate on some of the basic conditions.

Now, as to the proposed control of the curriculum. A "scholarly and scientific commission" (no educationists) would "come together" and lay out graded courses of study. Then, and not before, psychologists and teachers would be consulted about options and electives (what electives with everything prescribed?). The state and federal government would then impose this program through support subsidies. According to the article, there is now much federal and state control. Educators who have urged federal aid without federal control will note the following quotation, "When the issue of federal aid comes up again, it is to be hoped that it will take the form of aid to *education,* not aid to building construction." Thus is proposed a rigid, universal, federally imposed educational program.

The author does not believe that courses in pedagogy (in colleges of education) contribute to educational efficiency. (Parents, boards of education, school administrators, and legislatures believe they do.) Study courses for teachers are, by law, he says, "heavily weighted with courses in pedagogy." Schools must hire teachers "with few intellectual qualifications but abundant pedagogical credits." These are strong words, but wait! "A teacher whose training has been mainly in methods of teaching will rarely, if ever, succeed." There is no possible evidence on this last statement because there is no such teacher, at least on the bachelor's level. The facts are that there are no 4-year graduates whose programs are "mainly" pedagogy. The "education courses" in the typical liberal arts college that educates secondary teachers account for about *18* semester credits out of 120, or *27* quarter credits out of 180. The universities will average less than *20* semester credits in pedagogy. The teachers colleges offer about *21* education credits to secondary teachers. These totals include practice teaching and psychology of education. So the "heavily weighted," the "abundant" and the "mainly" come to mean about 16 percent. How much better to say it that way. On the graduate level, students rightly concentrate on physics, business administration, statistics, hydrology, psychology, educational method, or other specialty. There's nothing to be made of that fact.

THE final *faux pas* is the following quote, " . . then we come around to the position—in my judgment the only sound position—that the great function of the public schools is to narrow the educational gap between the gifted child and the child of average ability. . . . " But this is the very crime which the article places on the doorstep of the educationists. There is preponderant and conclusive evidence that the more time and effort that is devoted to learning and the better the teaching and the more success there is in learning, the greater are the educational differences between the more gifted and the less gifted. This is true unless we neglect the gifted and set very limited goals that all or almost all may master. May I add that it is precisely because of facts such as this that people have to "work at democracy."

The conclusion seems inescapable that there is a jurisdictional dispute in some of the colleges and universities. However, the struggle will get out of hand if the capability and integrity of a whole education profession and the validity of an open approach to the solution of problems is brought into question. The great majority of scholars and educators are out in the schools. They will not allow the schools to be victimized in such a struggle.

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BOOKS & COMMENT

Last Year's Hurrah

by Ronald J. Dunlavey

DURING the literary year 1956, Edwin O'Conner's *The Last Hurrah* established itself as an overwhelming favorite of the American fiction-reading public. This story of an Irish-American political boss named Frank Skeffington not only won high praise from such diverse secular authorities as Clifton Fadiman, Eric Sevareid and the *New York Times,* but was also soon discovered stacked in quantities in Catholic bookstores, and elicited the enthusiastic approval of such Catholic critics as Father Leo Ward (in *Commonweal*), who nominated Mr. O'Conner for "Catholic author of the year," and Riley Hughes (in the *Catholic World*), who declared that this was "the great American political novel . . . for our time."

To cavil at such broad interdenominational success may seem mean; to find fault with a long-awaited defense of those maligned immigrants who peopled our Irish-American ghettos may appear a compound of treason and heresy. Nevertheless—and at the risk of compromising one's parochial loyalties—it may be ventured that *The Last Hurrah*, in hindsight, seems to have been not so much subjected to criticism as placed beyond it. The reviews, for the most part, amounted to an enthusiastic hooray-for-the-Irish chorus rather than a serious invocation of critical norms, and amid the general whoop-dee-do were only a few querulous voices (notably Anthony West in the *New Yorker*) to suggest that Mr. O'Conner had not, after all, given us a great or even a particularly good novel—although Mr. West's judgment that *The Last Hurrah* was "genuinely subversive" seemed an overstrained effort at casual sensationalism.

It would be quibbling to deny the very real virtues of *The Last Hurrah.* It is funny and nostalgic; it is a sympathetic apologia for Irish-American uses and abuses of the municipal political system; it is a needed and astringent satire on television political campaigning; it is a compendium of some excellent Irish-American folk-humor. But the fundamental trouble with *The Last Hurrah* stems from the fact that—after establishing for itself a framework of political and social realism—it fails to observe the demands of this framework. As a political novel, it presents a version of the Irish-American city boss which—if one may question Father Ward's assertion that Mr. O'Conner is a "dispassionate observer . . . the first to give us without praise or blame the story of American urban Irish tangled up in dirty politics"—is little more than thinly-disguised special pleading. As a socio-ethnic novel—despite James V. Kelleher's claim (in the *Times* review) that it is *the* Irish-American novel—it does little more than perpetuate the ancient and pitifully inaccurate tradition of the Irish as sentimental buffoons. And—this is the heart of the matter—because he chooses to purvey this particular imitation of reality, the author has been obliged to deprive his characters of certain vital qualities: sensibility, awareness, and a degree of conscious moral involvement with their own actions. So deprived, the characters emerge as cardboard facsimiles, mere figures in an anecdote. Thus, the major fault of *The Last Hurrah* as fiction is related directly to its inaccuracy as a political and social commentary.

WHEN the late Isaac Rosenfeld (in *Partisan Review*) criticized *Marjorie Morningstar*, he remarked of its author, Herman Wouk:

> He does not write out of serious preoccupation with Jewish life, or its actual social nature. . . . He simply chooses white, like a man who plays chess against himself. Assigning the worst possible moves to the other side, he stakes fame and fortune on a game he can't lose.

Mr. O'Conner is equally unconcerned with the actual nature of Irish-America political and social existence. The whi which he chooses is the Irish-America political boss, and his aim—to be blu about it—is to canonize him. As alwa in the polemic novel—Graham Greene *The Quiet American* comes to mind—selected characters gratuitously act a targets for the author's venom or ve hicles for his message, with the resu a loaded débat whose outcome is clearl indicated in the first fifty pages.

THE POLEMIC novel is not without it merits, but the risks to characte delineation are considerable, since th characters must behave not according t the inner logic of their own nature, bu according as the author has placed them pro or con in relation to the propositior of the débat. In Mr. O'Conner's case the risk has been aggravated by ar irritating pretense of objectivity. Bu the picture of the City Boss is not objective at all, because the dimension of evil has been neatly excised. Mr. O'Conner's "rascal with a heart as big as the state of Kansas" is all heart and no rascal, and out of a contrived pseudo-exposé technique (notably employed several years ago in a curiously similar "Catholic" novel, Henry Morton Robinson's *The Cardinal*) this Irish-American Machiavelli comes forth as a political sheep in wolf's clothing.

In keeping with this technique, O'Conner sets out from the beginning to sell Skeffington as an unprincipled egotist who loots the public treasury for personal gain, who hands out money to the poor—especially poor widows—only to buy votes, who cold-bloodedly discards an aide who has lost his usefulness, who engineers the downfall of a union leader and substitutes his own man, who makes a deal with a political rival and then doublecrosses him, who uses religion for political gain, and who insists on running for mayor again and again because he will not give up his stranglehold on city affairs and city finances.

But a closer examination of *The Last Hurrah* reveals that every single indication of ruthlessness is carefully qualified to translate it into a shining evidence of virtue. It turns out, in every case, that Skeffington is really Doing Good. He has not really robbed the public treasury; he has merely seen to it that the poorer taxpayers get their just

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due. Those to whom he hands out money are, it seems, deserving cases, and often the money comes from his own pocket. His help to bereaved widows is given out of charitable and not political motivation. The excommunicated political aide is revealed as an incorrigible lecher who deserves all he gets. The deposed union leader (and doublecrossed rival) is an unsavory monster of Italian vintage, and both the union and the city are well rid of him. Far from being irreligious, it develops that Skeffington—in a quiet, manly sort of way, naturally—is really devout; he says his morning and evening prayers, and secretly drops in of evenings to chat with a priest friend in one of the poor parishes. The blackmail of the city's businessmen is revealed as an innocent trick, for the capitalist victims are slum-holding bloodsuckers of the poor, and all Skeffington really wants the money for is to relieve congested conditions in the Ninth Ward. And—to cap the climax—it develops that Skeffington (who hasn't seen a smoke-filled room in years) has decided to run for office again not out of personal ambition, but to keep the office from falling into incompetent hands.

SKEFFINGTON'S supporters are an amiable lot. Skeffington himself is portrayed as a man literally without a flaw. He has "a rather handsome face," a mellow voice, a quick mind, and great charm and courtesy. He is neither vindictive (as are his enemies, without exception) nor revengeful beyond the pursuit of justice. He is pious, but not as the Pharisee. He is charitable to the poor. He cares for the widow, gives autographed baseballs to orphans, and makes sure no liquor is sold to minors. He smites the proud hip and thigh; he heartens the oppressed. He does nothing for personal gain, but acts only for the public weal. And, best of all, he does it with an air of gay and roguish bravado that takes the curse off his saintliness.

And so, with the lines neatly drawn between the Good and Bad Guys, we have Mr. O'Conner's version of the Irish-American city boss. One cannot but contrast Skeffington with a controversial Irish-American "hero" of the nineteen-thirties — James T. Farrell's Studs Lonigan, especially as portrayed in the novel *Judgment Day*. Studs is no complex personality, no political mastermind; he is—to use his own jeering epithet—a "slob," uneasily prowling the streets of Chicago looking for another drink or another woman, all the while with Death perched on his shoulder. He is not nearly so comfortable a person as Skeffington. But within the limited psychological framework established for him—that of a dull-minded youth degenerating under the impact of an environment of "spiritual poverty"—he is much more real. He is endowed with a genuine capacity for evil, a haunting sense of guilt, an awareness of mystery in the universe which penetrates even his alcoholic stupefaction. Skeffington is totally unaware. Nothing happens *inside* the man.

NOW why have I gone back to comment at such length on a novel of last year? It is because Mr. O'Conner's depthless sketch of the City Boss as a kind of superior song-and-dance man mirrors a portrayal of the Irish-Americans as a class. Sometimes they are gentle, good-hearted folk, generous and innocent, with names like John and Kate and Molly. More often they are pratfalling buffoons, like the fabled eccentrics in the stories they tell each other — stories about "Nutsy" McGrath (kicked to death by a camel), "Clam" Carey (died from eating bad clams), "Lumps" McGuire (killed when the trophy-room axe fell on his head), "Billie" McGrath (sweated to death), Silly Jim Casey, Snapper Brady, Little Jim Callahan, Buster Mahoney. After awhile, the doings of these storied clowns can hardly be distinguished from those of the characters who talk about them — Ditto Boland, Delia Boylan, Cuke Gillen, Footsie McEntee, Tansy Cullen, Charlie Hennessy, Festus Garvey—and Skeffington himself. They are all Irish comics. There is nothing wrong with Irish saints or Irish comics, and the ghettos knew both, but to describe the Irish-American community almost exclusively in terms of sentimentality and low humor is as inaccurate as to describe it entirely in terms of Farrell's "spiritual poverty." There was and is more to it than that.

Yet *The Last Hurrah* has been hailed as a great novel about the Irish-Americans. Perhaps this is because the traditional concept of the Funny Irishman, so dear to the 19th Century music-hall, has not been modified in this country —as it has in Ireland—by the brutal genius of native writers like Synge, O'Casey, O'Connor, O'Flaherty, Joyce and Carroll, writers whose men and women are as profoundly, as humorously and as savagely human as any of Dostoevsky's. The old concept of the gay, pious, romantic, pugnacious Irishman has not really been disturbed this side of the water; it has, in fact, been absorbed by Hollywood and Tin Pan Alley, to be given back to us in cute movies and sentimental songs. As long as this version of the Irish exists, it will be impossible—in Sean O'Faolain's phrase —"to realize the full and complete dignity of the simplest life of the simplest people." It will be impossible to reflect the "actual social nature" of Irish-American life, past or present. The Irishman, like the Jew, will continue to find general acceptance in our world of literature, drama and the cinema (particularly the cinema) only in terms of meaningless and presumably inoffensive conventions.

Some day, we may hope, the great novel of the fantastic Irish immigration, and its political, religious and cultural impact on the New World will be written. But such a task will be undertaken with the author's full awareness of his responsibility to his subject, his craft, and his reader. Otherwise, the result will be simply another commercial concoction—entertaining and provenly profitable hokum, but hokum none the less.

Meeting

AROUND the corner, up the muddy path
There it is: a punctual pink whisper,
The bush; shivering politely,
Pale fire hung on chilly twigs,
Blossoms not yet born, surely to be born—
The burning bush, the spring before the spring.

A. D. FREEMAN

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The Treacherous Landscape of Nightmare

by Victor Lange

THE story of the Austrian element in modern intellectual history has not yet been written: in every area of life and thought, from Freud and Wittgenstein to Schoenberg and Kokoschka it would amount to a vastly impressive account of the most influential performances of our time. The history of German letters attains universal relevance not primarily in Hauptmann, Hesse, or, say, Doeblin, but in Schnitzler and Kafka, Werfel, Musil and Broch, Trakl and Rilke—all of them unmistakable representatives of that heterogeneous but coherent Austrian culture.

Lernet-Holenia would not claim to be of their rank; he is not one of the prime movers or inventors of a contemporary idiom. But in his extensive work, especially his fiction, he has provided a most useful and plausible synthesis of what the pioneers first envisaged. His production has been steady and varied: he began in the early twenties with several volumes of the kind of poetry that was civilized and disciplined if altogether self-conscious and derivative—quite in contrast to the then fashionable expressionistic screams of agony. Rilke's interest in the young poet suggests at least a congeniality of manner. Between 1926 and 1928 Lernet-Holenia published no fewer than six plays, a feat of labor and versatility uncommon even at a time of astounding dramatic exuberance. The greater and certainly the most appealing part of his work, however, consists of some 25 volumes of fiction.

Count Luna, by Alexander Lernet-Holenia, translated by R. C. Winston and J. B. Greene; introduction by R. Pick (Criterion; $4).

In all his writings—quite strikingly so in the present volume, containing two of his best-known tales—he reflects some of the main ingredients of the Austrian experience, ingredients which are, at the same time, characteristic of our civilization as a whole: a sense of the compelling yet often frustrating effect of tradition upon modern life, and, even more important, a preoccupation with the resources of mind and feeling by which we experience and probe the external world. It was Paul Klee who once defined the task of the artist as an effort, not so much to render the visible world as to make reality visible. What is, beneath the palpable but deceptive surface, the definable character of reality? This is one question that motivates Lernet-Holenia's work. The other is more specifically formal: how can the process of exploration, how can the act of understanding be intelligibly rendered in all its complexity? The mastery of available forms and a persistent doubt as to their contemporary adequacy has produced in the best of Austrian writers an acute analytical sensibility without making their work narrowly formalistic. Lernet-Holenia's fiction is appealing precisely because of its unsentimental portrayal of the concrete world in which his figures live.

In its widest extension—that of the Austro-Hungarian empire — Lernet-Holenia's world represents a space of peculiarly rich texture and meaning. Taken as a realm of historical continuity, as a web of family traditions and hierarchical memories it offers, first of all, a dimension of time that is at once ineluctable and treacherous. And in its physical extension, the landscape of the Empire amounts to an immense domain of the imagination.

In this world Lernet-Holenia attempts to show us the human being, uncomfortably aware of his ever less secure attachment to established forms of living, and in search of understanding, of a sense of identity in which the self can reach beyond his familiar if unexplored resources, in order to transcend what appear to be the artificial borders between the natural and the supernatural, between actuality and the no less insistent data of the imagination.

The coherence of social purpose and ritual that prevailed in Austrian life until recently has now been challenged by a significant breakdown of tradition, a sense of vacuity and loss of direction. This theme Lernet-Holenia shares, of course, with many of his contemporaries; but unlike Kafka or Musil he conveys it not in oblique parables but in the straightforward manner of a first-class storyteller. Craftsmanship rather than metaphysical concern is the first thing to be praised in his fiction: he is fabulously inventive and a master of calculated suspense. He can, therefore, be read with more pleasure in the surface qualities of fiction than we find in the pages of more rigorously searching or experimental writers.

The heroes of the two tales contained in the present volume are engaged in the quest for a reality that eludes them, of hopes, or memories, or fears that have shape only in a feverishly insistent imagination. Count Luna, who in reality died in a Nazi concentration camp, haunts the thoughts of an elegant Viennese business man of distinguished though somewhat decadent ancestry. Alexander Jessiersky believes himself responsible for Luna's arrest and is convinced that in various mysterious ways Luna stalks him to take revenge. He commits a series of murders in the mistaken belief that he is disposing of the haunting spectre of Luna, and, in the end, himself dies in the Roman catacombs. If the identity of Luna is beyond grasp, so is, in a sense, Jessiersky's own. What, Lernet-Holenia seems to ask, is the authentic person, where can it be found, how can it be realized?

IN the second story—written in 1936, nearly 20 years before *Count Luna*—the problem, though stated less directly, is the same. Baron Bagge, an officer in an Austrian reconnaisance detachment in search of Russian troops is wounded in an assault on an enemy bridgehead. In the space of a few seconds he is plunged into a succession of adventures which are at the end revealed as a dream of extraordinary plausibility: he seems to override the Russian guards and advance into a part of the country which is familiar to him only from the accounts of others. There he is stationed on the estate of friends whose daughter, though he sees her for the first time, at once declares her love for him; he marries her in a macabre ceremony and leaves immediately with his squadron to find the enemy. As he awakes he realizes that he has been in the country of the dead where his visions have assumed an intense momentary shape, a reality that continues to charge his life far beyond the seconds of crisis.

These two essentially simple anecdotes are elaborated with wonderful ingenuity and a sense for the telling incident, the precisely envisaged topography and the

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cleverly organized machinery of dramatic action. Yet, both stories move in an aura of ambiguity, of premonition and precarious judgment. In every detail they fuse reality and vision, the foreground discipline of manners and the undercurrents of irrational compulsion. Their setting, even where it is distinctly localized, turns out to be the treacherous landscape of nightmare in which man is lost and drawn into ever more detached action by the alluring sense of infinite possibilities of self. Space and time become significantly absorbing; the vast spaces of the foothills of the Carpathian mountains or the infinite maze of the catacombs take on symbolic force. An insistent preoccupation with genealogical matters points to the effective reality of the past and the inescapable drift from past to present. In *Baron Bagge* this interplay of phases of reality is fixed in the metaphor of the ashes; in *Count Luna* we are told that the hero

> . . . spent many hours in the library, and when he left, it was far into the evening. On the table in the middle of the front room lay a pile of books, and the ticking of the clocks went on and on, dividing up eternity, which was not eternity, and converting it into time.

The skill with which Lernet-Holenia endows the familiar and the obvious with mystery produces something like Poe's stories of the grotesque and arabesque. Yet, I should not, as Mr. Pick does in his informative introduction, call Lernet-Holenia a mystic. He seems to me not primarily concerned with essences or with the rendering of a special sort of faith. The elements of mystery are for him more technical devices than means of illuminating a philosophical, let alone a religious, position. But this is, surely, not a shortcoming but a virtue in a writer who has achieved here and in his many other books a captivating set of lively variations upon a central theme of our time: the vanishing line of unequivocal demarcation between various forms of order and different realms of experience.

It is a pleasure to say that these stories are most competently translated. A good many passages have been cut out, some for acceptable reasons, others more haphazardly. But Miss Greene, in particular, has an admirable way of conveying not merely words or the flow of sentences but the total quality of Lernet-Holenia's cultivated yet forthright prose.

A Family that Prays Together Weighs Together

by Gerald Weales

FOR THE LAST few weeks the best-seller lists have been free of those spiritual self-help books with the do-it-yourself God that have been so popular since the war. The condition is a temporary one. The spring lists are full of candidates for the transient immortality that blossoms when popular theology

Pray Your Weight Away, by Charlie W. Shedd (Lippincott; $2.95).

is watered with good sales. The acknowledged master of the genre, Dr. Norman Vincent Peale, is ready in the wings with *Stay Alive All Your Life*, and even Dean James Pike—who is a man of no small intellectual calibre—is going to get into the act with *How to Face Life*. Jim Bishop, apparently not content to be biographer to Jackie Gleason and Abraham Lincoln, is feeling for the shoes of the late Fulton Oursler with *The Day Christ Died*. Fast starters, all. But the dark horse to watch is the Reverend Charlie W. Shedd, D.D. Obviously a man with a sharp eye to the market, Dr. Shedd has recalled that Gaylord Hauser once jostled Bishop Sheen and the late Joshua Loth Liebman for best-selling honors and has joined the best of two possible worlds in *Pray Your Weight Away*.

Charlie Shedd appears to be an American variation of what a long-gone drama reviewer on the *London Times* (December 8, 1900) once called the "muscular vicar." Stylistically, Dr. Shedd is one long series of grins, winks, and nudges with an occasional hearty slap on the back. His book is studded with sentences like "You can't win the prize if you don't buy the ticket," and "You're a square shooter, aren't you?" A real square shooter would have said "ain't you," of course, but Charlie didn't get that D.D. from Hastings College for nothing. Dr. Shedd takes the cake, as he almost certainly would say, in the scene in which he describes one fatty (his word) named Tiny who has trouble with his wife: "Tiny will take her by the hand and lead her up where he can say, 'God, this is Nancy'."

Dr. Shedd opens his book on a personal note: "Three years and one hundred pounds ago I dropped to my knees and prayed." The prayer, a somewhat garrulous account of the fat parson's earlier and back-sliding attempts at dieting, is given in full. God, who traditionally works in mysterious ways, reached Charlie through the works of Thyra Samter Winslow (*Think Yourself Thin; The Winslow Weight Watcher*), and with her human and His divine help, he put himself on the arduous road to thinness. *Pray Your Weight Away* quickly leaves the autobiographical, however, and we are left with only occasional glances at the author (he loves cafeterias, hates lettuce, once owned a St. Bernard). Charlie hurries on to practical suggestions. He produces a series of how-to chapters, each one with a scriptural epigraph at the beginning and a custom-built prayer at the end (I like the one where you are asked to fill in your own excess poundage and age), which are designed to show you how God can help you reduce.

THE book, which leans heavily on the parlor psychiatry implicit in a parade of words like *neurosis, subconscious, rationalizing* and *frustration,* introduces a number of interesting theological and psychological concepts. For instance, Dr. Shedd equates excess fat with sin. In "Ask God to Show You Yourself As He Dreamed You," he tells us that God really made us all thin, except for the glandular cases, and that if our bodies are really to be temples of the Holy Spirit we had best get them down to the size God intended. No fat-bodied temples for Dr. Shedd; no Byzantine, he. On the psychological side, the good news for the skinnies (my word) comes in the chapters that explain why we become fat. The Fat Man's Check List

ON THE BACK COVER

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that the author provides shows that rejection, loneliness, disappointment, self-hatred and all the rest are part of the fat man's burden, so all the thin men in analysis might as well save the money and blow it on something more amusing —a good meal, maybe. There is even an excursion into Biblical scholarship, in which Dr. Shedd suggests that St. Paul's "thorn in the flesh" may have been his weight; *"he might have been fat-prone,"* Charlie says and the italics are his.

I do not want to give the impression that the book is simply a mass of heady theorizing. There are a number of suggestions to help you and God lick the weight problem. There is the Grudge Graft on which you list everyone you hate and why, a handy check-list that you can use as you pray away your resentment prior to praying away your weight. There is the Appetite Alphabet to help you remember what to eat and what to avoid. "It has provided me with chuckles that often saved the day," Dr. Shedd writes; some of the day-saving chuckles were provided apparently by entries like those under G and R: *"Gravies* are gone goods!" and *"Rolls* roll it on." When you are not holding your sides over the Appetite Alphabet, you can spend a few minutes (fifteen a day) doing the exercises that Charlie suggests. The exercises will be more "meaningful" if you follow Dr. Shedd's advice and do them to the Biblical verses that he provides. "If you like this sort of thing it will not only tune you in to God but it will automatically teach you verses of Scripture . . . " I gave them a try, I must confess. I had no trouble fitting Psalm 118:24 to the side-straddle hop, but when it came to doing those painful leg-lifting, stomach-muscle-building exercises to the 23rd Psalm, I failed completely. But then, God knows, I am out of shape, and, as Dr. Shedd says, "You can't kid God."

Pray Your Weight Away offers no painless panacea, no hope of divine intervention without hard work. God, Whose eye is on the extra pounds as well as the sparrow, may be glad to see a world full of thin men, but it will take a deal of positive thinking to get all the fatties cut down to size. The book should get the success that it deserves. And probably will, unless some canny health-food expert is about to turn out a competitive volume, called *Salvation Through Diet.*

ART

Back to Subject-Matter

ALWAYS allowing for Brandeis University, which, if it wants to, seems perfectly capable of producing a new art show next Tuesday, the University of Illinois is the only American university making a regular and significant contribution to the complicated process of discovery and evaluation chiefly carried on by major museums and, with a cash nexus, galleries.

The current annual at Urbana is the first overt institutional recognition of a turn in the tide in American art, signs of which have been evident for some time. The turn will inevitably be labelled as one back toward representation, but the word is confusing. What is going on is a kind of regrouping, in which the gains of the last decade are being consolidated and the losses cut. What is returning to our painting and sculpture is an awareness of and interest in the human situation, a phase which, five years ago, would have provoked either the laugh of the tolerant or the protest of the persecuted in many a studio and lecture hall.

Allen Weller, dean of the Illinois fine arts school, acknowledges the show's bias in his perceptive catalogue essay: "A definite attempt was made to select work which seemed strong and even explicit in content, as opposed to work which is primarily concerned with form for its own sake." Actually, postwar American painting and sculpture, having begun by abolishing content for form, ended in abolishing form, too, and raised to the prime artistic virtue a libertarian delight in the physical materials and in the manner of their application.

That work was, in a way, the logical conclusion in practice of the aesthetic nihilism of the Dada theory. Despite the theory, the Dada men remained obviously and intensely concerned with comment on the human situation (Duchamps' and Picabia's machines as men) and with comment on prior comment (the moustache on Mona Lisa). Decades ago, the logic of the theory led Duchamps to give up art for chess. Under a variant of the same logic, many of the postwar Americans gave up art, too, but kept right on painting and welding.

The quest for content has undoubtedly led the Illinois faculty jury a shade too far, but these slips of enthusiasm are few: René Bouché's portrait of Saul Steinberg is litte more than a good magazine illustration; Carroll Cloar paints a conceit of small town dead standing beside their tombstones, which, unfortunately, was done once for all in another art form; Irving Norman's "Rush Hour" presents a morgue-like lunchroom packed with naked bodies chowing it up: the message comes through like Western Union, but this enormous painting is really low-grade Abner Dean.

THE integration of some of the newer approaches with the traditional humanistic function of art is not always successful. Helen Beling's "Bus Stop" gives us a bronze group of figures, massed together but seen as individual forms, highly simplified in a manner derivative from contemporary British sculpture. The group is balanced against a painfully literal street sign indicating the place name of the title. Much more successful is Joseph Goto's "Landscape," a long, long horizontal composed of welded rods with beautifully balanced variations of the horizontal level and a carefully placed handful of short vertical members.

Goto's work, by the way, of which "Landscape" is fairly typical, poses an installation problem I have yet to see seriously attacked, let alone solved, either in Urbana, at the Art Institute of Chicago or in the Graham Foundation, of which he is a Fellow. As sculpture, it is always placed on a pedestal or, since it is usually very long, on a table top. The view is down. His work ought to be seen from near eye level and while no one can reasonably object to an occasional stoop or squat, the stuff would look a lot better if handled more as a painting, perhaps on a high shelf attached to a wall.

Umlauf's terra cotta "Mother and Child" is quiet and restful, yet light and alive, owing much to the mildly archaic feeling of the faces, to the per-

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uasive handling of the drapery over he figure and to the play of white and arth color in the material. Lipschitz' 'Hagar" is a powerfully emotional reatment of the theme, deriving a lot of its strength from the old master's old device of making bronze look like swiftly pulled molasses taffy miraculously endowed with bones.

Jack Levine's "Turnkey" I found the most brilliantly successful example of what the show is out to get. A major effort, this resigned, not too bright Stendhalian functionary sits eternally planted in the bare interior of his calling, surrounded by a few feeble efforts to make a prison home and seen through the liquid Levine atmosphere that always implies there are tears in things. Rico Lebrun's "Crucifixion" is hard to judge. His earlier handling of that theme in black and white and on a monumental scale has such impact that it seemed, perhaps prematurely, his last possible word on the subject. At any rate the present work, much more abstract and in pastel colors, seems weak beside the memory. Agony comes through more forcefully in Siegfried Reinhardt's "Resistance": three skulls clutched at the jaw by bony hands, as thorn and barbed wire, light and shadow modulate tellingly across the grim ensemble.

The catalogue, which may well turn out to be an historical document of sorts, contains Weller's thoughtful essay, biographies and statements from the artists and plates of all but a dozen of the 142 items. It is available from the University for $3.50.

FRANK GETLEIN

MUSIC

The New York Pro Musica

WHEN one remembers that as recently as 20 years ago most music written before 1700 was considered too austere for popular consumption, it is gratifying to reflect on the prosperous state of the New York Pro Musica. This group of eleven musicians is devoted to performance of works from the Renaissance and earlier. Now in its fifth year, it will have presented 30 concerts during the current season, only eleven of them in New York. It is the only group of its kind to have arrived at a reasonably sound fiscal arrangement in the US. I can think of no clearer manifestation of the robust condition of America's musical health than the fact that our audiences can pay the operating expenses of a first-rate ensemble of this kind.

The New York Pro Musica puts on as good a show as any chamber music ensemble in the country while, at the same time, performing a service to serious musicological scholarship. The accomplishment of these not-necessarily compatible exercises is due not only to the uniform excellence of the performers themselves, but also to the unusually imaginative program-building of their conductor, Noah Greenberg. Greenberg knows how to get the widest possible range of textures and timbres from the vocal and instrumental sounds available to him; he arranges his programs so as to provide constant contrast, and by having his six singers double on instruments, he gets a much wider variety of sounds than a group of this size is supposed to have.

In a recent concert of Tudor and Elizabethan music at New York's Metropolitan Museum, the Pro Musica performed more than twenty-five works—solos for harpsichord, liturgical pieces, fantasies and dances for various instrumental combinations, and secular vocal pieces varying from the most serene of airs to the rowdiest and most clangorous of madrigals.

If the word "clangorous" seems odd applied to a madrigal, it's because we're not used to hearing old music performed with the instruments—including percussion—that Greenberg uses. Composers before 1600 were extremely off-hand about written records—the farther back you go, the less the documents can be relied on as definitive or complete.

Greenberg, therefore, uses the old sources as the basis for assigning parts to different voices and instruments, according to the practice of the period. The result is that, while his readings are just as authentic—and just as conjectural—as anybody else's, they sound much more colorful than most. Scholarship or no scholarship, the prevailing mood of his performance is one of worldliness and elegance.

Since the repertory of the group is the sort that shows off a performer's musicianship rather than his talent for virtuo-

Notes on Contributors

RONALD J. DUNLAVEY is a political analyst for the United States Information agency. VICTOR LANGE is on the German faculty of Cornell University. GERALD WEALES is an overweight critic and the author of a recently-published book for children, *Miss Grimsbee is a Witch*. FRANK GETLEIN is art critic of *The Milwaukee Journal*.

ON THE BACK COVER

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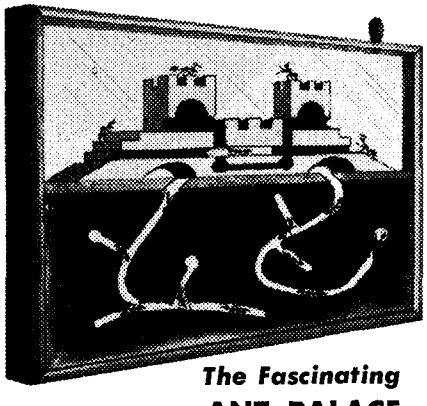
sic tricks, only one member calls special attention to himself. He is Russell Oberlin, a tenor whose voice goes high enough to sing the counter-tenor parts of the Renaissance. A true counter-tenor, such as Oberlin, has to sing with ease the high D's, E's and even F's that standard operatic tenors meet only in their nightmares. A male voice this high lends considerable brilliance to the music in which it is employed, and a voice as strong and pure as Oberlin's is a special delight to hear.

Oberlin aside, however, the other soloists—Betty Wilson, Jean Hakes and Charles Bressler—manifest great accuracy of intonation and purity of diction, as well as flexibility and an infallible sense of ensemble. The instrumentalists are equally well-matched, though Milton Krainis' masterful modulation of that treacherous set of wooden flutes called the recorders and Martha Blackman's fastidious approach to the viola da gamba (an instrument that I always expect to be sawed to splinters by a maladjusted cellist) adds a welcome stability to the proceedings.

ROBERT EVETT



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A COMMUNICATION

The Intellectuals Are Still Free

A HANDY answer to Malcolm Cowley's question ("Who Are the Intellectuals?" *NR,* Feb. 25) might be that the intellectuals comprise those people who read an essay like his and feel some concern about the issues he poses. The intellectuals are individuals who worry altruistically about their own activities and their own status in society. . . .

But his question is in any case less important than the question of what kinds of activity are desirable in the free and varied society. While it is true that the expert or intellectual specialist has taken over at least portions of the territory which used to be the province of the freely speculating man, there seems to me to be no evidence that the territory is no longer being cultivated. There seem to be as many questioners of life goals, forms of behavior, and governmental processes as ever; one . . . might even affirm that the eternal problems of human action are being tackled with more speculation, and more substantial effort to confirm or deny the speculation with reliable knowledge, than was characteristic of earlier eras. . . .

Mr. Cowley's "other questions," which confront the dilemma of human survival in an age of atomic rehearsal and massive overpopulation, are also far from being neglected by modern thought. Although the very general form in which he raises them is as little susceptible to an answer as his older query of "what is right conduct?" more modest approaches are conscientiously pursued by physicists and statesmen, demographers and agricultural economists. Not all these men are intellectuals; but some of them are and most of them appear to contribute either ideas for solving problems or viable information which can be used by those more gifted in the speculative enterprise. The United Nations, for instance, is an intellectual theatre as well as an arena of power politics.

I doubt, too, that there has really been a decline in free speculation, unless by "free" one means thought entirely unfettered by accumulated knowledge and experience. Most of what we now consider scientific areas—the physical and natural sciences—were for Aristotle and the medieval philosophers topics of pretty free speculation. At their frontiers they are still subjects of very daring and imaginative thought, although the insights proceed from an intimate acquaintance with the already known; unless one misreads them utterly, it is hard to escape the conviction that our Oppenheimers and Bridgmans are more nearly poets than technicians. Specialization and expertness, far from stifling the free-wheeling thinker, put more spring into the springboard for his dive into the unknown.

DESPITE the fact that he devotes a good bit of discussion to it, I think Mr. Cowley would agree that the task of carving out an old homestead for the intellectual, and delimiting his proprietary rights, is an essentially sterile one. While as a thinking man he is bound to be somewhat self-conscious, the American who is intrigued by intellectual affairs is unlikely to need or want a special status like that of the classical Chinese literati. Like the artist, the intellectual follows a self-defined and freely chosen path; he should not, and I think does not, require any peculiar niche or mandatory sphere of duties. . . . If a person is interested in basic intellectual matters, he will always find time for the main job: to question and criticize our manifold designs for living, if not, indeed, the design of life itself. As Mr. Cowley has so rightly stressed in other of his literary and sociological writings, America is a pluralistic society. Our heterogeneous values are a guarantee that while the intellectual's desires will never be entirely fulfilled they will by the same token never be wholly starved. Thus if the intellectual's path is to be lonely and harsh, as H. Stuart Hughes' essay in *Commentary* ("Is the Intellectual Obsolete?") concludes, he is at least free to follow it where it may lead. And I take it that the first privilege and obligation of the intellectual is precisely that of following paths where they may lead.

ROBERT N. WILSON
Stanford, California

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Correspondence

(Continued from page 3)

adiness. "I lose myself to find myself," the understanding of the compassion- e. I can help an old lady to cross the reet, and still be selfishly preoccupied, ut to save someone from leaping off a ridge, either literally or figuratively, I ust become more than myself. I must nclude the other's needs in mine, and ct accordingly.

BATHSHEBA A. HOFFMAN
'elham, New York

" . . . a frightening dead end"

RVING HOWE suggests that, regardless of motive, an act of mercy or love is, n some sense a good act—and hence elf-justifying. Therefore Camus errs in *The Fall* by assuming that motive is the nly criterion for moral judgment.

But although the reviewer seems to ee the basic premises beneath Camus' De Profundis, his closing analogy goes ff the track. Helping an old woman in he street is the moral goal of an earlier generation of do-gooders. But boy-scout morality cannot face the test of modern science, art and experience—cannot tell us where the right or wrong lies in euthanasia — or, more mundanely, in bringing or not bringing, an aging and cantankerous parent into a young household. Hence motive, rather than act, has become the solace of a generation beyond the power of Christianity. When we take from such a class its last theorem —that their act, whether right or wrong, was directed toward the good—when they must face the truth of their ultimate greed for self-justification rather than for the image of good—we have indeed thrust them into a frightening dead end.

EDWARD WYNNE
Falls Church, Virginia.

► *Our Business and Their Trademark*

SIRS:

THE February 18, 1957, edition of your excellent magazine has come to our attention. On Page 19, in a review of the book *New York City Folklore* entitled "The Wicked City," Mr. Webster Schott uses the expression: ". . . it's a sort of technicolor New York. . . ."

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The Editors

► *Hoover's Stature*

SIRS:

STROUT writes ("FDR and the Pudgy Prometheus," *NR* March 4) that Herbert Hoover "has never shown signs of understanding the times."

Never?

In the war relief which Hoover put together and built into a saving giant, 1914-1924, Hoover:

1. Saw the people of the Western world, their needs and their resources, as a family.

2. Inspired his companions in that test to enthusiasm equal to his own.

3. Was the tiger in the path of Allied politicians—notably Lloyd-George, Clemenceau and Churchill—who sought to halt the feeding of so-called enemy children.

4. Grasped and acted from the central fact of Europe's civil situation—that without sufficient food there could be no social order.

JOHN FORBES
Carlinville, Illinois

Nobody today denies, I think, that Hoover was a devoted and humanitarian man, head and shoulders above Harding and Coolidge. That is why he is fascinating.

RICHARD STROUT
Washington, D. C.

► *Judge Without Jury*

SIRS:

I HAVE just read Frank Getlein's attempt in your March 11 issue to make the recent No Jury art exhibition in Chicago seem pathetic. Yes, Navy Pier is big, ugly and badly lighted, and no one can look at 2,671 pictures; but I saw at least a thousand competent ones and several hundred really good ones—things almost any jury would choose if it had space in a museum or gallery.

True, the sociology can be good and the art bad, but if the critics, while remaining critical, will try to find some real live blood in their veins, the art will get better.

WILLIAM FRIEDLANDER
Chicago, Illinois

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